A DOUBLE TRAP.

Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Ro-Juliet, in a large straw hat and a white frock, was leaning over a gap in a somewhat dilapidated stone wall. Romeo, in a light tweed shooting suit, was standing on the grass by the wayside looking up at her. The time was high noon on a bright, sunny day early in autumn

"Wherefore, indeed?" replied the young man promptly. " I'm sure I don't want to

"Well, to be sure, you are very polite, Ah, you know what I mean! I don't want to be Romeo because-because I wish to play Benedick, 'Benedick the married

"Patience, Arthur; patience." "And havn't I been patient? Why, let me see, we've been engaged three months

"Three months-twelve weeks," retorted Juliet lightly; "and Jacob served fourteen

years for Rachel." "Yes, yes," cried Arthur pettishly; "but Jacob was a patriarch, and had any amount of years to play with. Life's too short for

that kind of thing nowadays. "Still, we must wait. You know that I'll never marry without papa's consent." "I do," he answered gloomily, "and I also know that I can't marry without the

"Well, we must hope for the best," replied the girl cheerfully. "Papa may come round at any time.' "That's just it. He may come round at

governor's. It's a lively prospect."

any time and catch me here, and then we may look out for alarums and excursions, followed by banishment, of course." "And we have no father Lawrence to assist us," sighed Juliet.

"No; we must depend upon our motherwit. We must resort to stratagem, Lily, dear. For some days I have been wrestling with a gigantic idea, and I think I've licked it into shape at last. What do you say to a plan which promises to reconcile both our stern parents to the idea of our

"It must be a wonderful plan," cried Lily, opening her blue eyes very wide. "And, still better, to reconcile them in time to each other?"

"It must be a very wonderful plan," said Lify again; but this time she shook her

"Well, I think it is rather good," replied Arthur with the honest pride of an inventor. "But listen and then let me have your And without further preface he began to

of "Juliet and her Romeo." Their fathers, two of the chief landowners in the small Midland county of Fenshire, were at daggers drawn. Yet they had once been fast friends, and were still near neighbors. Their estates "marched" together, and they had long entertained the idea of uniting their properties by a marriage between their children. Unluckily, when Lillan was sixteen and Arthur some two years older, a great political crisis arose, and their fathers, who took opposite views of the situation, allowed themselves to be drawn into all the storm and turmoil of a contested election. In the heat of conflict words were spoken that could not be easily forgotten afterwards, and the result may easily be guessed. When the election ended, their old friendship was a thing of the past, and, as there was no feminine influence to soften asperities—for they had both been widowers for many years—they drifted more apart every day. Neither made any advances towards reconciliation, and in secret each was watching for a faand in secret each was watching for a fa-vorable opportunity to catch his former friend upon the hip. They had not long to

Long ere this, of course, all idea of a marriage between their children had been abandoned and the young people had been peremptorily bidden to think no more of each other. As a natural result, they began to think seriously of each other for the first time, and when, some four years after the commencement of the fued, they met in town, where Lilian was staying with an aunt for the season, they were already more than half disposed to fall in tove with each other. At their first meeting they caught the infection, within a week they were sickening for the disease, and before the season was half finished the patients were entirely "given over"—to each other. Their engagement was necessarily kept a close secret, however, for the fued between their fathers was at its height, and the enemies were just then engaged in a hot dispute over a patch of debatable land between their estates to which both laid claim.

Such was the state of affairs in Fenshire when Miss Grantley came home towards the middle of July. Arthur following her a few days later. With their return their real difficulties began. In town they had been able to meet frequently and freely; but in Fenshire they met seldom and by steelth, in a quiet byroad skirting a secluded corner of Mr. Grantley's park—an arrangement more satisfactory to Lilian, who liked what she called the "romance," than to Arthur; who dreaded the risk. That his meetings with Lilian could not long be kept secret, Arthur felt sure; and so he had set his wits to work, and after much inward wrestling, had evolved the wonderful plan whereby he hoped to win his Lilian and to bring peace to the distracted houses of Grantley and Curtis. On the merits of that plan, however, it is not necessary to that plan, however, it is not necessary to pass an opinion here. Suffice it to say that, although Lilian did not display all the en-thusiasm he had looked for, before the lovers separated they had agreed to make trial of it, Arthur promising to lead the way as soon as a favorable opportunity present-ed itself.

It was Mr. Curtis who, all unconsciously, furnished the required opening a few evenings later, when he and his son were sitting over their wine, for he broke the period of silence which ensued after the servants had withdrawn by clearing his throat in a magisterial way that he always affected when he had anything of importance to impart

part.
"Do you know, Arthur," he began, solemnly, "I think it's high time you married and settled down."

and settled down."

During the past year he had made the same remark, on an average, about once a week, but hitherto Arthur had always laughed it off evasively. On the present occasion, however, he replied boldly:

"Well, lately I've been thinking so myself, sir. But I must ask you to allow me perfect freedom of choice in the matter."

"Certainly, certainly," Mr. Curtis answered heartily, glad to see that his son was at last disposed to yield to his wishes.

"I only make one stipulation; the girl must be a lady—if with money of her own so much the better, but if without it—well, you'll have enough for two. But have you any one in particular view?" any one in particular view?"
"Well, yes, I have," replied Arthur, slow-

Glad to hear it," said his father, holding his glass up to the light and eyeing its contents with critical approval. "Is it any

"You used to know her very well, sir. If marry any one it must be Miss Grantley."
"What!" roared Mr. Curtis, smashing his wineglass in his agitation. "That fellow's "Exactly, sir. Why not? You used to be very fond of her, and I am sure she, at least, has done nothing to forfelt your re-

"I have always had a very high cpinion of her," Mr. Curtis admitted, reluctantly. "She takes after her mother. To be per-fectly candid I must confess that, but for one thing, there is no girl in all the county I'd be so ready to welcome as a daughter-with or without a portion. She'd make a good wife, I feel sure, and her birth is

almost as good as your own."
"In fact, sir." said Arthur, triumphantly,
"you only object to her because she is her
father's daughter." "And is not that enough?" Mr. Curtis burst out passionately. "The daughter of the man who has thwarted, outraged and insulted me in every way! Who shut up our right of way to the quarry? Grantley! Who opposed me on the burning public question of the sewage farm? Grantley again! Who had the presumption to stand against me for the county council? Once more, Grantley! And who, at this very moment, is trying to rob me of one of the most cherished portions of my estate—Tinker's Patch, which has been in our family for the last three hundred years? Why, Grantley, always Grantley! I assure you, Arthur, I would almost give my right hand to be avenged upon this man."

"Less than that will do, sir," said Arthur, coolly, quite unmoved by this outburst of indignant eloquence. "If you want

to be revenged you have only to give my right hand to his daughter."

"What do you mean?" snapped Mr. Curtis fiercely. "This is no joking matter."

"I am not joking." returned Arthur quietly. "Supposing, sir, remember, I only say supposing. I were to marry Lilian without your consent what would you do?"

"Do?" bellowed his father. turning pur-

cut you off with a shilling and never see you again. That's what I'd do. I told you you again. That's what I'd do. I told you so years ago, and I meant it."

"Mr. Grantley said very much the same thing to Lilian, and he meant it," replied Arthur calmly. "Believe me, then, you'd irritate him far more by permitting our marriage than by forbidding it."

"Explain yourself," said Mr. Curtis, shortly, knitting his brows. "I've outgrown my taste for conundrums."

"It is very simple, sir. By forbidding our marriage you act just as he would wish you to act, and play his game for him. But if you consent what will happen? Why. Mr. Grantley, mortally offended, will play the Roman father, though he will be punishing himself for more than applied. ing himself far more than anybody else. Fond as he is of his daughter—who would not be?—he will voluntarily undergo all the pain of parting from her rather than pass over her disobedience to his commands. The chief part of the penalty will fall upon himself, but for all that he will inflict it."

"You think he would?" inquired Mr. Curtis, thoughtfully.

"Has he not said so fifty times, and does he not pride himself on being a man of his "He's as obstinate as a mule," growled Mr. Curtis," if that's what you mean. "You put it forcibly, but evidently you understand me. Very well, then, sir. He has deprived you of much of your local authority, he is trying to deprive you of your land, but, if you allow me to deprive him of his daughter, you will be more than quits with him. And while you make the man you hate thoroughly miserable you will be making two people you like unutterably harmy."

"You go too fast," exclaimed the father.
"You speak as if you'd only my consent to win, and yet you haven't seen the girl for

more than four years."

"I saw her less than four hours ago," replied Arthur, and then he plunged into an account of their meeting in town and all that it had led to, while his father, scarcely heeding him, sat musing in silence over the new idea that had been presented to him. The more he thought about it the better he liked it. Never before had he had such a chance of dealing a deadly blow at his enemy—for that it would be a deadly blow he did not doubt. By putting himself in Grantley's place he could picture exactly what he would do if his child disobeyed him, and also how much pain it would cost him to play the Roman tool with his domestic happiness. He was convinced that, although his daughter was the light of his home, Grantley would cast her off if she married Arthur—and live unhappily ever afterwards. The temptation was too ever afterwards. The temptation was too great for Mr. Curtis, and he yielded to it. "I have come to the conclusion, Arthur," "I have come to the conclusion, Arthur,"
he said benevolently, "that it would not
be right to fetter your choice. I will not
run the risk of spoiling all your future life,
simply because I happen to have a quarrel
with the father of the girl you love. If you
must marry Lilian, you must, and there's
an end to it. But you'll never gain her
father's consent, and of course you will understand that I cannot be mixed up in a
clandestine marriage." "You need not be, sir," cried Arthur ea-gerly. "Miss Grantley goes to town next

month, and I must go there too at the end of the vacation. He had lately been called to the bar, but was still briefless. "With both of us in town, a secret marriage should be easy to arrange, for Lily is of Well, well, settle it as you like, but I wish to know nothing about it till it's over. discloss its beauties.

Lilian Grantley and Arthur Curtis were—or, at least, thought themselves—the most unhappy pair of lovers since the time of "Juliet and her Romeo." Their fathers, he settled down in his chair, murmuring to himself with a peaceful smile: "This will

upset that fellow Grantley terribly, or I'm It was about a week after this important interview that a stormy scene was being interview that a stormy scene was being enacted in Mr. Grantley's drawing-room. Arthur's forebodings had been amply justified. A gossip had observed the lovers in the lane, and had at once decided that it was her "duty" to open "that poor dear Mr. Grantley's" eyes, and to tell him how shamefully his daughter was deceiving him. As a result, Lilian was now sobbing on the sofa and her father was stamping up and down the room, ranting like a transpondown the room, ranting like a transpon-tine Lear.

"It's useless to deny it," raved Mr. Grantley. "Mrs. Havers tells me she saw you talking to that young Curtis in the lane. She could not be mistaken. She passed quite close to you, and her eyes are almost as sharp as her tongue is. Shame may prompt you to deny it, but I repeat that it is useless."

"I do—don't deny it." sobbed Lily from behind her handkerchief, "and I'm not ashamed of it. We—we're engaged."

"Engaged!" gibbered her father. "And you're not ashamed of it?"

"No!" retorted Lily with spirit "Why

you're not ashamed of it?"

"No!" retorted Lily with spirit. "Why should I be? I remember you used to think very highly of him yourself."

"I still do," he confessed, somewhat taken aback; "certainly he does not resemble his father in the least. He seems to be a promising young fellow. I believe his disposition to be a good one, and we must not allow prejudice to blind us to the fact that, next to ourselves, the Curtises are the oldest family in Fenshire. No, I have no objection to the young man in himself; but circumstances render any donnection between us impossible."

"You refer, I suppose to your-your mis-understanding with Mr. Curtis?" Lily sug-"Misunderstanding do you call it?" snort-ed her father indignantly. "I understand him only too well. The man is determined to be the plague of my life, a perpetual thorn everything-even in my labors for the pub-

lic good? Did he not defeat me when I stood for the council? And has he not actually had the audacity to lay claim to one of the most picturesque spots on my estate, Tinker's Patch, which has belonged to our family ever since there were Grantleys in Fenshire? And you say you are en-gaged to this man's son. I wonder you can-not see for yourself that it is totally out of the question."
"I know it is," said Lily sadly. "I know we must part, both for his sake and his fa-

"His father's!" speered Grantley. "If that were the only objection, I'd say let the marriage take place to-morrow. Pray what have his father's feelings got to do with it?"

"He is so vindictive," sighed Lilly, "and, oh! so obstinate. If his son disobeyed him, he would disown and disinherit him completely, and yet it would almost break his own heart to do it. You know how proud he is of his son, how entirely all his hopes he is of his son, how entirely all his hopes and ambitions are bound up in him, and how barren life would be to him deprived of his son's society, but if Arthur married against his wishes, he would turn him out of doors and never look upon his face again. He said so only the other day, and he would keep his word, although it would rend his heart, and though, by his own act, he would be devoting himself to a lonely, empty, and aimless existence? she concluded, with just such a sigh of relief as a child gives when it has gabbed off its lesson correctly.

"By Jove! I never thought of that," cried her father, obviously impressed. "You say he distinctly warned Arthur that he'd disown him if he disobeyed him?"

Lily nodded.

"Well, if he said so, the stubborn old ass will assuredly keep his word. He always does when he has vowed to do something disagreeable. And so, if I permit this mar-

disagreeable. And so, if I permit this marriage, I do not lose a daughter, but he loses a son. I must think this over," and he bea son. I must think this over," and he began to pace the room slowly, while Linian watched him anxiously. Her words had indeed given him food for thought. Supposing he were to connive at Arthur's marriage with his daughter, would he not be avenging himself more completely on his enemy than he could ever hope to do by any other means? For years he had been aiming blows at Curtis without much apparent effect; but now Lily's words had pointed out a weapon with which he might deal a mortal wound. Then there was something that tickled his sense of humor in the idea of making Curtis his own executioner; and if he lived to be sense of humor in the idea of making Curtis his own executioner; and if he lived to be a hundred, he was never likely to get such another chance of paying off all old scores in one sweeping reckoning. Besides, why should he make his daughter miserable when by promoting her happiness, he would also be satisfying his own craving for revenge? In short, his thoughts were almost the same as Curtis's had been, and they led him to precisely the same conclusion the same as Curtis's had been, and they led him to precisely the same conclusion.

"Lillan," he said at last, with majestic gravity, halting by her sofa, "I do not want to be harsh or unjust in any way; but answer this question honestly: Are you sure that you are not deceived in your own feelings; that this is no passing passion; that, in a word, you really and truly love this young man?"

"Yes," whistered Lily

"Yes," whispered Lily.
"And you believe that he is equally sincere and equally devoted to you, eh?"
"He says so," replied Lily, almost in-

"Then never," cried Mr. Grantley, in a burst of noble emotion, "never shall it be said that I impeded the course of true love. Your happiness, my dear, must always be my chief consideration, and to promote it I resign my own wishes and prejudices without a sigh. Besides, I like the lad; I always did. He is unfortunate in his father, but he cannot help that. Let us be just, by all means, let us be just. As for Mr. Curtis, if he chooses to behave like a fool, let him. If he does not consider your feelings why should you consider his? Confound his impudence! How dare he attempt to destroy my daughter's happiness? He deserves to be taught a lesson. I give my consent to this marriage. Arthur has a few hundreds a year of his own from his mother, I know, as well as his profession; and for the as well as his profession; and for the rest as well as his profession; and for the rest your settlement will be more than sufficient to enable you to live in all comfort. And some day, when I am gone, you will be mistress here. Of course," he centinued, blandly, "I cannot openly encourage a son in disobedience to his parent, however unworthy of respect that parent may be; but you are going to your aunt's next month, and if you

choose to have a quiet wedding you have my approval, though I cannot be present. However, I will make a point of seeing Arthur during the week, and if our interview is satisfactory you may make your own arrangements, about which I wish to know nothing. May your future be bright and unclouded, and may it never give me cause to regret that in this matter I listened to the promptings of my own warm heart rather than to the cold and calculating counsels of prudence." And Mr. Grantley struck an attitude of paternal benignity, chuckling to himself the while: "This will be a knock-down blow for Curtis, or I'll eat my hat."

spectacles. "Doubtless we have both been to blame, but let us avoid recriminations. Let us be content to renew our old friendship, and strive to forget that it has ever been interrupted."

"With all my heart," answered Grantley, using his handkerchief vigorously. "From this moment the last few years shall be blotted out as if they had never existed. Let us agree to bury the dead past in silence, and never again refer by so much as a word to our unhappy dissensions."

"It is a bargain," cried Curtis, "and there's my hand upon it."

Once more they exchanged a hearty pressure and the demon of discord fied forever.

In October the lovers were quietly married, and after a brief honeymoon they settled down in a pretty suburban villa, where they lived very comfortably on the handsome allowance that Mr. Curtis gave Arthur, and the substantial settlement that Mr. Grantley had made on Lillian. Here they were occasionally visited by their fathers; but as their visits were never made concurrently the enemies never met, and consequently never suspected the trick and consequently never suspected the trick that had been played upon them.

Ere long, however, the great Fenshire feud began to languish. In the first place, it was discovered that Tinker's Patch, the chief bone of contention, was really public ground, and, as a matter of fact, had never belonged to either of the discovered. belonged to either of the disputants; and, in the second place, satisfied that they had at last secured their revenge, Grantley and Curtis were no longer disposed to carry on the war with their former vigor. Morethe war with their former vigor. Moreover, now inst Arthur and Lily were married, the old dream of "a ring fence" revived simultaneously in both their bosoms,
and each looked longingly at the other's
property, and decided that it would be a
great pity to let it go out of the family;
but as each fancied that he had wronged
the other mortally and feared that his
advances might be repelled, neither cared
to take the first step towards reconciliation.
Still, their old rancor was dead, and they
ceased to attack each other, standing strictly on the defensive; and so, although peace
was not yet proclaimed, an amnesty had
virtually been concluded.

It had lasted nearly a year when, one au-

Virtually been concluded.

It had lasted nearly a year when, one autumn morning, Mr. Curtis received a telegram announcing that Lily had presented Arthur with a son and heir. Eager to inspect the curiosity, he caught the London express and a few hours later was seated in the drawing room of the suburban villa, waiting for Arthur, who had gone up stairs to ascertain if the baby was "on view." Suddenly the door was flung open and a servant ushered in Mr. Grantley, who had also received a telegram and had followed Curtis to town by the next train. It would be difficult to exaggerate their surprise. be difficult to exaggerate their surprise. For a full minute they stood glaring blankly at each other, but by degrees an idea dawned upon them and astonishment gave

place to pleasure.

"I see it all," thought Grantley. "His iron will has been subdued by the news of his grandson's birth and, unable to hold out longer, he has hurried here to crown the happiness of the youthful couple with his forgiveness. It is a graceful act!" "I understand," said Curtis to himself. "He has long been relenting and makes the joyful news his excuse for yielding. He has come to be reconciled to his daughter over the cradle of her first born. This is really

They cast a friendly glance on each other and made a hesitating movement with their hands. "And now that he has tacitly confessed his fault," mused Grantley, "shall I reproach him? Now that he had made the only reparation in his power, shall I say a word to mar the harmony of this reunion?

"No doubt his conscience has already sufficiently punished him for his folly," Curtis continued to himself. "And shall I, by a single word of reproof, introduce the element of discord on this auspicious occasion? ment of discord on this auspicious occasion?

Perish the thought!"

With one accord they moved to meet each other, and their hands, at first timidly extended, met in a long and cordial clasp.

"Grantley," said Curtis, with impulsive frankness, "I've been a fool."

"Curtis," said Grantley, resolving not to be outdone in generosity, "so have I."

"Well, they say there's no fool like an old one," resumed Curtis, forcing a laugh. "Let that be my excuse for many an action which I dare not attempt to justify."

"Neither of us can crow over the other, I fear," answered Grantley, with a guilty blush. "I, too, have done many things which I now most sincerely regret."

"I always was such a hasty fellow," Curtis continued, with a heavy sigh.

"I always was such a hasty fellow," Curtis continued, with a heavy sigh.

"You know my hot temper of old," Grantley murmured apologetically.

"Why, why, did we ever quarrel?" groaned Curtis. "I assure you the last five years have been the unhappiest of my life."

"And of mine," said Grantley, in a voice broken with emotion. "But, 'doth not a meeting like this make amends?"

"Then all is forgiven?" exclaimed Curtis joyfully. "And forgotten," cried Grantley, with the greatest enthusiasm.
"This is as it should be, my old friend," observed Curtis, after a pause, wiping his

ence, and never again refer by so much as a word to our unhappy dissensions,"

"It is a bargain," cried Curtis, "and there's my hand upon it."

Once more they exchanged a hearty pressure and the demon of discord fled forever. And while they still stood hand-in-hand, the door opened, and Arthur entered with the nurse, bearing the olive-branch.

-All the Year Round. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Its Beneficent Results. Smith & Gray's Monthly. Mrs. Greyneck-What makes you whip Johnny so? It doesn't do him any good.
Mr. Greyneck-Well, it does me.

yes. I told her I already had a wife picked out for you in case she didn't get

Ought to Feel Cheap.

First Boy-I bet Mr. De Broker feels Second Boy-Why?
First Boy-Last week he paid \$200 for a dog, and to-day a \$2 dog licked him.

A Phenomenon. Assistant-I've the greatest freak in the Museum Manager-What is it?
Assistant-A farmer who speaks the dialect we get in magazine short stories.

All in the Family. New York Weekly. First Citizen (in a few years hence)—How is it that Stumper slides along so easily?
Second Citizen—He belongs to one party, his wife to the other, and both run for of-fice at every election. One or the other is

Her School. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Proud Mamma-Professor Brushwallop, this is Alice's masterpiece, "A Sunset on Lake Erie." What school of art would you class her in, Professor? Professor-I voot zayvoot zay-ah-der manual Not News.

New York Weekly. Jimson (proudly)—I never deceive my wife—no, sir; I tell her everything.
Bilson—Yes, I knew that long ago.
"Wha—how?"
"She tells it all to my wife and my wife

Englishman (patronizingly)—Your school facilities are excellent, so I am told.

American (suavely)—Well, I should say so. See the Smithsonian Institution over there? Think of a building like that just to educate the Smiths.

And the Englishman Believed It.

Unappreciated Economy. Pittsburg Dispatch. "My dear, don't you think that dress should be made just a little higher in the "And this after all your complaints about my high dry goods bills. (Hysterically.) This is too much, too much!" The Money Went. New York Weekly.

Uncle Wayback—I jus' tell you, th' city is an awful place. Skin yeh alive there. Farmer Meadow (gloomily)—That's so. "Eh? Did yeh meet some green goods men while you was in th' city?"

"N-o, but my wife met some dry goods men." When Torment Begins.

Smith & Gray's Monthly. Snodgrass—There is no getting along with my wife when it is going to rain, for then her corns begin to hurt her.

Snively—Then you realize the truth of the poet's words, I suppose.

"What words?" "Hell hath no fury like a woman's corns."

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25 PER CENT. OFF. RECEPTION CHAIRS Do not fail to see our line of Reception Chairs, enameled and gold 25 PER CENT. OFF. ROCKERS

Rockers of every description. The grandest collection and largest variety of Rockers ever

1,000 Rockers bought especially for the holiday trade. All newest designs in Oak, Mahogany, Birch and Maple, with all kiads of coverings. 300 samples of Reed Rockers, all new patterns. The low prices will astonish you.

> 25 PER CENT. OFF. BOOK CASES

30 samples of Book Cases to select from, all styles and prices. Surely you can make your selec-tion here. Complete line of Sec-retaries and Book Cases Com-

HALL TREES New and elegant designs in Hall Trees. 25 samples to select

25 PER CENT. OFF.

25 PER CENT. OFF. LACE CURTAINS Large line of Laces of every description. Nottingham, Irish Point, Brussels and Tambour

Laces, at prices that will sur-25 PER CENT. OFF. PORTIERES

Chenille and Silk Portieres, in new designs and colorings. 25 PER CENT. OFF. RUGS

25 PER CENT. OFF. QUEENSWARE

Our Queensware Department is complete with new and desirable goods for the holidays.

25 PER CENT. OFF. DINNER SETS

Large variety of Dinner Sets. New

TOILET SETS

Elegant line just received. Special Holiday Bargains. Beautiful 12-piece Set for \$4. An elegant 12-piece Set, handsome decoration, for \$7. 25 PER CENT. OFF.

Finest and best selected line of Lamps in the city. Special Holiday Novelties in Piano Lamps, Banquet Lamps and Stand Lamps. Must be seen to be appreciated. A beautiful Brass Banquet Lamp and fancy silk shade, any color for \$3. Brass and Onyx Banquet Lamps at the lowest prices.

LAMPS

25 PER CENT. OFF.

SILK LAMP SHADES

A beautiful line of Silk Lamp Shades. All new and of the latest designs. All prices up to \$10. Look at the Shade we are offering for \$1.50. all silk, any color, trimmed with silk lace.

> 25 PER CENT. OFF. BRIC-A-BRAC

In Bric-a-Brae we have a very Another lot of Rugs just received. Smyrna, Daghestan, Moquette, Axminster and Fur Rugs, in all sizes. We can please you both as to quality and price.

In Brica-Brac we have a very choice selection of the latest designs. Beautiful Dresden, Vienna, Austrian and Carlsbad pieces. See our \$5, \$8 and \$10 pieces. Best value in the city for the money.

Nice line of Cut Glass. Make your selection from our stock. All fresh and new, at prices that will please you.

ONE-HALF OFF.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT Everything in our Children's De-partment to make the little ones happy. Bring them in to see the things that Santa Claus has stored away for them at his headquarters—the World's Fair.

ONE-HALF OFF. LITTLE GIRLS' TOYS

Large variety of Dinner Sets, New and handsome designs in domestic and imported goods.

Beautiful Dinner Sets worth \$20 for \$15. Beautiful Dinner Sets worth \$15 for \$12. Beautiful Dinner Sets worth \$15 for \$10. Beautiful Dinner Sets worth \$12 for \$10. Beautiful Dinner Sets worth \$10 for \$8.

25 PER CENT. OFF.

LITTLE GIRLS' TOYS

Tables, Sideboards, Chairs, Stools, Beds, Cradles, Stoves, Ranges, Bureaus, Dressers, Washstands, Desks, Book Cases, Secretaries, Planos, Safes, and Toy Dishes of all sizes and kinds. In fact, we can completely furnish a little girl's house.

ONE-HALF OFF. DOLLS

Large collection of Dolls of every description; Bisque Dolls, Kid Body Dolls, Jointed Dolls, Rubber Dolls, Wool Knit Dolls, Composition Dolls, Dressed Dolls, and Dolls that are not dressed, Dolls that go to sleep and Dolls that cry.

Santa left a lot of 15c Dolls and told us to give them to every told us to give them to every good little girl for 5c-mamma must decide whether they are good or not, Our \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 Dolls cannot be beat.

ONE-HALF OFF.

DOLL CARRIAGES All colors and of every size and style, and at all prices. You can sure

ly be pleased. ONE-HALF OFF.

EXPRESS WAGONS Express Wagons of all sizes and kinds, also, fine line of Velocipedes, Tricycles, Sleds, Patrol Wagons, Hook and Ladder. Everything to delight the hearts of little boys.

CUT GLASS